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CARMEN

Cl. *ALEXANDRI POPE*

IN

S. CÆCILIAM

LATINE REDDITUM

A

CHRISTOPHERO SMART,

AUL. PEMB. CANTAB. Alumn. & Schol. ACADEMIÆ.

——τὸ πόρσω
Δ' ἔστι σοφοῖς ἄβατον,
Κἀσόφοις. οὐ μὴν διώξω. κενὸς εἴλων.

PINDAR.

CANTABRIGIÆ,
TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDEBAT J. BENTHAM,
IMPENSIS AUTHORIS.

MDCCXLIII.

CARMEN

IN

S. CÆCILIAM.

ODE

ON

Saint CECILIA's DAY.

Ode on S. Cecilia's Day.

I.

DESCEND ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
'Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

Carmen in S. Cæciliam.

I.

DESCENDE cœlo, ſpiritu quæ melleo
Imples, Camœna, tibias;
Deſcende, pulſas quæ lyram volucri manu,
Nervumque ſopitum excita:
Diſcat fundere ſuaviter ſeveras
Teſtudo numeroſa cantilenas:
Cava claſſica clangoribus auras
Repleant, reſonent tremebundarum
Laquearia convulſa domorum:
Inque vicem lentâ gravia organa majeſtate
Spirent, auguſtoque ſonore inflata tumeſcant.
Ut clarè, ut placidi molliter auribus
Se furtim bibulis inſinuant modi!
Mox tollunt violentum altiùs altiùs
Auditum Superis ſonum!
Jamque exultantes numeri atque audacia turgent
Carmina, jam tremulus fractis fluitat furor auris;
Donec minutatim remota,
Jam liquefacta,
Jam moritura,
Murmura languent,
Murmura dulci
Leniter attenuata caſu.

Æquas

II.

By Muſic minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouſes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes:
Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic every boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main:
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms;

Each

II.

Æquas ut ſervat moderatrix Muſica mentes!
Ut premit, aut laxat mollibus imperiis!
Seu gaudiorum turbida pectora
Tumultuoſis fluctibus æſtuant,
Tranquillat; urget ſeu malorum
Pondus, humo levat Illa voce.
Geſtit bellantes animoſo accendere cantu;
Blandaque amatori medicamina ſufficit ægro:
Languens ecce! caput Mœſtitia erigit,
Morpheus molliculis profilit e toris,
Ulnas implicitas pandit Inertia,
Audit deciduis Invidia anguibus:
Inteſtina animi ceſſant bella; applicat aures
Seditio, nec præcipites reminiſcitur iras.

III.

Aſt ubi dulcis amor patriæ pia mittit in arma,
O! quanto accendunt mavortia tympana pulſu!
Sic, cum prima viam navis tentaret inauſam,
Thrax cecinit, puppique lyram tractavit in altâ,
Dum vidit Argo Pelion arduum
Pinus ſorores deſerere impigras,
Et turba circumfuſa muto
Semideûm ſtupuere plauſu:
Incedit heros, quiſquis audiit ſonum,
Amore flagrans gloriæ;

Each chief his ſev'n-fold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade,
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!

Dux ſeminudum quiſque rapit manu
Enſem, & coruſcat multiplicem ægida:
Ad arma ſylvæ, ad arma montes,
Terra, mare, aſtra ſonant ad arma!

IV.

Sed, cum per orci limites cavernoſi,
Amplexibus quos igneis obit fumans
Phlegethon, Poetam, Morte non minus pollens,
Adire juſſit pallidos Amor manes,
Quæ miracl'a ſonorum!
Quæ feralia monſtra videri,
Diras per oras diſſita!
Horrida fulgura,
Vox penetrabilis
Sæva querentium,
Et picei ignis
Triſte crepuſculum,
Diri ululatus,
Et gemitûs gravis
Mœſta profunditas,
Dumque luunt pœnas animæ, tremuli ſingultus.
Sed audin'! audin'! auream ferit chelyn,
Miſeriſque fecit otium:
En! tenue ut patulis auribus agmen adeſt!
Quieſcit ingens Siſyphi ſaxum, & ſuæ
Acclinis Ixion rotæ;
Atque leves ineunt pallida ſpectra choros!

Fer-

The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs,
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of aſphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs,
By the heroes armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life;
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung, and Hell conſented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proſerpine relented
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong cou'd prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

But

Ferratis ſua membra toris collapſa reclinant
Oblitæ irarum Eumenides, & lurida circum
Colla auſcultantes ſeſe explicuere colubri!

V.

Per fluentorum vada, quæ perenni
Rore delibant ſinuoſa ripas;
Per levem, ſiqua Elyſii vireta
Ventilat aura;
Per beatorum Genios colentes
Arva, quà paſſim aſphodelis renidet
Gramen auratis, amaranthinæve umbracula frondis;
Per duces, ſi quis dubiam per umbram
Splendidis latè loca luſtrat armis;
Myrteæ & quiſquis querulus vagatur
Incola ſylvæ;
Reddite (vos rapuiſtis enim) mihi reddite ſponſam,
Obteſtor, parilive adjungite me quoque fato!
Canit, canenti Dis ferus annuit,
Ceditque blandarum harmoniæ precum,
Et victa manſueſcunt ſeveræ
Perſephones ſine more corda.
O decus egregium! Mortemque Orcumque Poeta
Flectit, & infernis faucibus exit ovans!
Fata obſtant—novies Styx circumfuſa coercet—
Nequicquam—vincit muſica, vincit amor.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders
Rolling in mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſart he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
——Ah! ſee he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VI.

Sed nimiùm, heu! nimiùm impatiens reſpexit amator:
Ah! cecidit, cecidit, ſubitoque elapſa refugit!
Quâ prece jam ſurdas flectes, temerarie, Parcas?
At tu, ſi crimen, crimen amantis habes.
Nunc pendulis ſub antris,
Jugeſve propter undas,
Ubi callibus reductis
Temerè vagatur Hebrus,
Heu! ſolus, neque
Auditus, neque
Cognitus ulli,
Fletus integrat,
Teque gemens vocat, Eurydice,
Perdita, perdita,
Heu! omne in ævum perdita!
Nunc totum Eumenides exagitant, jugis
En! canæ Rhodopes in gelidis tremit,
Ardeſcens tremit, inſanit, ſpemque abjicit omnem.
Ecce! per avia luſtra furens fugit ocyor Euro;
Evœ! perſtrepit, audin', ut Hæmus, & ingemit evœ!—
——Ah! perit!——
Eurydicen tamen extremâ cum voce profundit,
Eurydicen tremulo murmure lingua canit,
Eurydicen nemus,
Eurydicen aquæ,
Eurydicen montes, gemebundaque ſaxa retorquent.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n.

THE END.

VII.

Luctus muſica temperat feroces,
Et fati levat ingruentis ictus :
Dulcis muſica mollitèr dolorem
Mutat lætitia; ſonante plectro
Spes averſa redit, Furor recumbit:
Nobis illa eadem breves adauget
Terræ delicias, opeſque cœli
Præſentire docet remotiores.
Hinc ſolum cecinit Numen, memor, unde beatam
Ceperat harmoniam & modulamina non ſua, Virgo.
Organa plena choris ubi magnifico concentu
Miſcentur, aurem ætherei inclinant incolæ;
Terreſtres animæ tolluntur in aſtra tumenti
Carmine, divinoque alitur ſacra flamma furore;
Dum prona cœlo pendet angelûm cohors.
Orpheûm jam taceant Pierides ſuum,
Major Cæciliæ vis datur inclytæ.
Ille vix umbram revocavit orco;
Illa ſublatas ſuper aſtra mentes
Inſerit cœlo, ſuperiſque miſcet
Carmine Divis.

F I N I S.

VII.

Lucida mulcet tibia tristes modos,
Et flet lacer ignaris iocus:
Dulcis musicis mœror luget deorum
Mater lacrimis, Romano pio
Spes aversa redit, Turpe recusat:
Nobis illa cadax brevis adsuescit
Tecta deserit, & fugit cruda
Prælongæ fastos rectoris
Hinc folium cecinit Naturæ, mendax vitæ Spiritus
Cessant humanis & mendaciis non fua, Vatis
Organa plena cliens ubi magnifico concentu
Mulcentur, aurem sederit inclinant mœstæ;
Terribiles animæ tollantur in astra tumenti
Carmine
Orphetim jam tecant Pierides fluvii,
Major Cæcilie vindicatur laudi
Ille vitæ umbram revocavit ore;
Ille fubleves fuper alta mentes
Incitit cœlo, fuperifque mifcet
Carmine Divis.

FINIS